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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE END IN SIGHT.

Within the past week we have made more progress toward suppressing the insurrection started by Atkinson, Hoar and Bailey, and continued by Aguinaldo, than in the previous nine months. The result of the brilliant operations of Wheaton, Lawton and MacArthur has been not merely the occupation of Aguinaldo's latest "capital"—a comparatively unimportant matter in itself—but the disorganization of his forces, the capture of his secretary and bodyguard, and, it is believed, the enclosure of himself in a net from which he will have difficulty in escaping.

The railroad—the only one in the island—is now in our possession for its entire length. MacArthur marching up from the south has entered Tarlac, which is a little more than half way from Manila to the northern terminus of the railroad at Dagupan. Young has crossed the entire province of Pangasinan, at the northern end of the great valley through which the railroad runs. Hayes captured Aguinaldo's secretary and escort at Carranglan, in the northern mountains, now Lawton's headquarters, the most remote point to which an American force had ever penetrated, and a detachment has since pushed fifteen miles further. Wheaton, Lawton and Young have formed a cordon more than half way across the island, north of Tarlac. The prisoners whom the insurgents were holding for ransom are gaining their liberty by the advance of our troops. The rebels are deserting and bringing in their arms. Aguinaldo's rule is visibly crumbling to pieces.

With the collapse of armed resistance to the authority of the United States falls the attempt to carry on a political campaign in this country on a platform of treason. With peace restored in the Philippines, there will no longer be a question of continuing or abandoning the war. With the American flag flying throughout the archipelago, there will be no question of expansion. The only question will be how the islands are to be governed.

It is high time for Democrats to be getting together and agreeing upon a policy to meet the new conditions. Nobody would propose to adopt the McClellan platform of 1864 next year, and the McLean platform of 1899 will be just as impossible an anachronism.

Expansion is secured. Preserve it and keep out imperialism. That is the only ground upon which the Democracy can stand with safety or honor.

Don't Crowd Uncle Sam.

England is a little premature in pressing for the surrender to Canada of American territory in Alaska. She is not yet in a position to be able to kick down the ladder by which she has risen to her present position of apparent security. The London newspapers, commenting on the approaching visit of Emperor William, frankly admit that the improvement in the relations between Great Britain and Germany "is in a great part due to the vast change in the relations between the United States and Great Britain, which has been the result of the obvious deductions, that legitimate colonial and commercial ambitions cannot possibly be fulfilled in the face of the hostility of the two English-speaking peoples."

The St. James's Gazette remarks that "with the establishment of good relations between London and Washington it became necessary for Germany to stand on friendly terms with both."

This situation is not irrevocably fixed. Suppose, for instance, the United States should offer to co-operate with Russia and France in safeguarding their joint interests in China, what sort of developments would be likely to follow?

If England is prepared to discuss the question of her title to Kent and of Canada's title to the Welland Canal—we may be willing to admit that there is some doubt about the frontier in Alaska, which England and Canada recognized for sixty years.

Ex-Secretary Foster's article in the last number of the National Geographic Magazine proves conclusively, from British official documents and maps, that the British Government never imagined that there was any such thing as an Alaskan boundary dispute until an officious Canadian invented it a few years ago. England always accepted the American claim, which was not a claim, indeed, but the simple statement of universally recognized facts. When the boundary between the Russian and British possessions was agreed upon, all England wanted was to prevent Russia's territory from reaching the Rocky Mountains. She readily agreed to Russia's demand that there should be an unbroken strip of Russian coast line to shut off the Hudson Bay Company from competition with the Russian traders on the coast, and the correspondence of the British negotiators shows that they would have been willing to make the strip a hundred miles wide instead of thirty. Mr. Canning said in one of his letters:

It would be expedient to assign with respect to the mainland south of that point (the head of Lynn Harbor), a limit, say, of fifty or one hundred miles from the coast, beyond which the Russian posts should not be extended to the eastward. We must not on any account admit the Russian territory to extend at any point to the Rocky Mountains.

The treaty as finally framed declared that the boundary should follow "the windings of the coast," and under this agreement Russia and then the United States remained in peaceful possession of the strip for sixty years before a hint was heard from any quarter that the arrangement might bear a different interpretation.

We shall stay in possession. We are on our own ground, and no American Administration will ever venture to surrender a single inch of undoubted American soil. Let Canada develop her own territory—she can have none of ours. We are not contracting just now—wherever our boundaries are moving at all they are expanding. That is a friendly hint that it may do Canada good to bear in mind.

Don't Cheat the Teachers.

It is a fact—strange and unaccountable, perhaps, to some city officials—that school teachers in this city are obliged to eat an occasional meal; that at this season of the year they are obliged to dress in something more substantial than seersucker and crash bicycle suits, and that after the manner of other good citizens, they sometimes have butchers' bills, grocers' bills, bakers' and doctors' bills, which cannot long remain unpaid.

The work which the school teachers of Brooklyn and Staten Island are now performing in an educational way is being done without remuneration. They are asked to work for nothing because "no money can be obtained to pay them."

The most generously disposed teacher cannot live on the letters of the alphabet, or on adverbs, adjectives, vulgar fractions or logarithms.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the teachers are disposed to call a halt on the charity educational system now being enforced by this city, and to demand payment for their services.

Education is of course the corner-stone of civilization, but those who lay this corner-stone deserve a more substantial remuneration than mere empty promises.

If the school teachers of Brooklyn and Staten Island should refuse to teach longer without pay many thousands of small and flourishing minds would run to weeds within the next few months.

Although this would be a matter of general regret, we do not see how the teachers could be blamed in the matter.

There must be some way out of the middle in which incompetent lawmaking has plunged the educational system of the city. If it were a question of relieving a corporation the way would be found. Let the great legal minds of the municipal government get together and do as much for the teachers.

Let Roberts Alone, Says Miss Anthony.

At the recent convention of Women's Clubs in Rochester a resolution was presented protesting against the seating of B. H. Roberts, the Mormon polygamist, in Congress.

The resolution would doubtless have been adopted but for a speech by that fine old champion of woman suffrage, Susan B. Anthony.

Miss Anthony said: "I should hate to see this Federation going on record as asking Congress to do something unconstitutional. Congress has not the power to seat or unseat a man. He was elected by the voters from his State, and the Constitution does not give Congress the power to throw him out. I think we had better let the men fight out this question among themselves."

You are mistaken, Miss Anthony. Congress can throw out any member of that body whom it may deem unfit for his position. Neither is it obliged to give reasons for so doing.

"Let the men fight out this question among themselves," says Miss Anthony. But Miss Anthony forgets that this man Roberts was elected from a woman suffrage State, and probably by the woman vote of Utah.

Let the women of many States who do not believe in bigamy or trigamy right the wrong committed by the women of one State who believe in polygamy.

Let them sign the Journal's petition and delegate Roberts to oblivion.

The World Will Last a While Yet.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Prepare! prepare! prepare! For the end of the world is at hand. * * * It will be destroyed by a comet on November 15. * * * The shooting stars are but the forerunner of an awful calamity. * * * E. J. W.

From cosmogonists, poets and philosophers we have received many letters relative to the much prophesied end of the world, which is scheduled to take place to-day, to-morrow or the next day. The above is a specimen.

We regret the necessity of entering the prophetic field in opposition to so many eminent cranks. We are only an amateur in the field of prophecy, but we venture to predict that human affairs will not be materially interfered with by any eccentricity on the part of the earth for some time to come.

One of our opponents claims that Biela's comet will knock out the world with a blow in the solar plexus—a spot supposed to be near the Philippines—on Thursday next.

Biela's comet, according to science, is nine parts gas and one part dust. It is too small for consideration as a world destroyer.

The November Leonids—another source of prophecy—are harmless little bits of stone. Each one has its own huge orbit around the sun, and no doubt feels very important until it strikes our atmosphere. Then it skitters and burns and dies in a puff of smoke, just as our little world would pop like a grain of powder on a red-hot stove if it should fall into Arcurus or Aldebaran.

Some scientists claim that the surface of the world is seared into lifelessness once every million years. The oceans are turned into steam, new lands arise, a new orbit is formed, and all the various and vast drifts and periods are repeated, with their phenomena of new forms of life, new races and new civilizations.

It is our opinion, however, that the million years will not be ended to-morrow or the next day.

That Alleged British Service.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Your able editorial this morning on the Alaskan boundary outrage put the whole matter clearly and honestly before the American people. Now, having performed this great service for the cause of truth and the country, why do you not show up that preposterous, impudent, brazen fake about Great Britain's friendly services to the United States during the Spanish-American War? I assume that you know perfectly well that there never was any European coalition against us, nor any more chance of one than there is at the present moment, and that Great Britain never interfered on our side, and had no thought of chance to interfere. The story of her friendly interference is one of those monumental historical lies that appear at least once in every generation for the mirth of the cynical. It has absolutely no other basis than the bald assertion of an obscure London weekly journal, whose opportunities for exclusive information on international affairs are just equal to those of a paper at Three Rivers, Mich., and no more. It has been disproved and denied and shattered and ridiculed by every person or authority in a position to know the facts, and has never had one line of intelligent verification, but for all that continues to be reported and believed, as if actually true. Why not let the light in? It is high time.

The delicious joy with which we swallowed this monstrous fabrication showed the British how easily we can be gulled; so they are proceeding to gull us to the limit. They have already got our moral assistance in their work of obliterating the South African republics. I have no doubt they will get Pyramid Harbor and next get us to pull their chestnuts out of the China fire. When we have done the rest of their dirty work we are likely to find out just what a good Anglo-American alliance is for.

Nov. 13, 1899.

The Value of British Friendship.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I see by your leading editorial this morning that the Journal understands the character and value of British "friendship" for the United States. You comment on "their eagerness to realize on the service rendered during the Spanish war." That your readers may understand just what our real obligations are, will you kindly answer the following questions:

1. What was that service?

2. When was it rendered?

3. Where was it rendered?

4. By whom was it rendered?

Yours respectfully, ANDREW DEVINE.

No. 500 First street, Brooklyn.

Christian Wars.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

The army of the Christian Queen
Lies ready and in act to spring,
Just like some lean, malignant thing,
That crouches when its prey is seen.

One heart, one purpose and one will,
Whose bristling bayonets coruscate
Like teeth unlied by ashen hate,
While the tense silence whispers "Kill!"

The Maxims, charged with voluble,
Fierce rage that aches to sputter death,
Are there; the canon hold their breath,
Foul with the sulphurous threats of hell.

And thus the gentle chaplains pray:
"Lord God, on Whom our hopes we stay;
O Thou Who mad'st of old the sea
Before Thy chosen folk to flee;
By Whose command the waves were tossed
O'er Pharo's mad, pursuing host;
Lord God of Pisgah's vantage height,
Who gavest youth to Moses' sight,
What time his hungry vision swept
The Promised Land, by aliens kept;
O Thou Whose fiery breath laid low
The accursed walls of Jericho;
Great God of battles, righteous Lord,
Let loose the lightnings of Thy sword;
Be with Thy people now as then,
For Jesus sake! Amen! Amen!"

Where yonder camp-fires dimly smoke,
The Dutchmen in the mountains throng,

In numbers but a feeble folk,
In valor like a million strong.

The sons of that heroic strain
Whose silence flashed up in the dark
Like powder at oppression's spark,
And slung the cheeks of tyrant Spain.

Majestic, insolent, uncouth,
Whose rifles kill, whose hymns are sung
Devoutly in a cousin tongue
To English in its virile youth.

"Great God!" their pastors pray, "Whose breath
Smote the Assyrian hosts with death,
Who wast with David when he sped
His pebble at Goliath's head;
We, too, are strong, because we fight
In the great succor of Thy might.
Guide Thou our missiles straight and true
As that small stone which David threw.
Be with Thy people now as then,
For Jesus sake! Amen! Amen!"

All night upon the battle plain
The wounded shriek and rave in pain;
And evermore unto the skies
The walls of wounded women rise;
And from two thousand years ago
There sounds an awful voice of woe—
A cry of anguish and of loss
From One that hangs upon a cross,
And dies, that peace on earth may be:
"My God, hast Thou forsaken Me?"

RAFFAELLI'S PAINTINGS OF PARIS.

HE SAYS NEW YORK HAS AN ART ATMOSPHERE.

M. RAFFAELLI'S pictures at Durand-Ruel's observe traits ingenious that come from the heart and traits of strange experience that come from the mind. They are aptly mingled. It is well that the heart should be naive and that the mind should be naive.

They are pictures of Paris and of the outskirts, sketches of men and women in the open air, palaces of the boulevards, trees, streets, the portrait of a child, the portrait of a young woman, fugitive impressions of passers-by. They are candid; they are sincere; they have a subtle grace of ironical philosophy.

They are painted in simple, fragmentary tones, fixed on the canvas in brief, successive touches. They have the finest susceptibility of the atmosphere, even its veiling charm. Of that fairy bird with wings of the artist's colors, Mr. Raffaelli has not spoiled a feather. He has been classified as of the Impressionist school.

He is not. He is Raffaelli simply. He said yesterday: "The faculty that I attribute to myself is that of observing men and things patiently. I have tried to paint as I saw them the scenes that were around me. I have painted the poor; I am painting the wealthy. My parents had been wealthy; they were financially ruined. I lived in poverty for many years and worked. I have come out of that indigence and work."

"You see that my work—that is, myself—is the result of circumstances. Taste is absolutely exact. A man is what the time, the environment, the circumstances make of him. I like to work. My diversion from painting pictures is to etch them—carve them in copper, bronze or wood—write about them. New York is not a new acquaintance to me. I was here five years ago. Then, if you had asked the question that you ask now, I would have replied: 'No. New York has not an art atmosphere.'"

"It is different now. You cannot realize, having been here continuously, the change for the better that has occurred in five years. An art atmosphere is food for the mind. It was not here then; it is here now. There is elegance in the streets; there are beautiful books, stuffs, metal things and glass in the shops. If I had to live here I should not be displeased. I intend to stay here this winter."

"Of course, I shall try to make interesting on canvas impressions of New York. The tall buildings are not ugly. One may not say that they are ungraceful. But they cannot become numerous. You shall have to suppress them. You cannot live between two screens that they form on the widest streets, abolishing air and health. They are

doomed in advance. But New York is the city that is most intensely similar to Paris.

"The reason is, I suppose, that both cities are cosmopolitan. They are cities of immigration, not of emigration. Paris attracted all Europe for centuries. Its residents are of races as varied as New York's. The similarity in that regard entails



Jean Francois Raffaelli.

similar manners, a similar activity. Neither is accurately described without that impression of activity."

Raffaelli's talent is logical. He likes aspects of scenes the characteristics of which may be formulated with precision. Syntheses or symbols are not familiar to his mind. With realism he paints

the lines of the soil as if they were muscles. He has even the red of fever and the blue of cold and misery on his palette. Bags of tramps; clothes, brushed threadbare, of poor clerks; rusty silk hats of little capitalists; gowns, mended and pressed, of old servants and young shopwomen are faithfully reproduced in his work.

His pictures give to the bare, flayed, ravaged lots, the unfinished streets, the crumbling houses of the outskirts, their sadness. Notre Dame Cathedral, the Place de la Trinite, the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, the Madeleine, the Champs-Elysees, solemn, discreet, turbulent and elegantly mundane, are not less accurately expressed in his works. He lets them appear as they are. He has no other preoccupation than to disengage from a scene its characteristic with entire sincerity.

The faces of women in figures like the "Young Girl with Corn Flowers," in white and gazing at the blue flowers in her hand; the "Little Parisian," in black and leaning on her folded sunshade; the "Girl with Buttercups," a symphony in yellow, are familiar, expressively natural. There is no artifice, no effort at improving the model. The artist seems to say in each one: "Could I have done better than nature?"

In the "Place de la Concorde," the obelisk, a victoria drawn by two horses, driven by two men in livery; two soldiers traversing the square with military step, a child led by her nurse, a woman on a bicycle, an omnibus, make a complete representation. Raffaelli's works have proportion, measure. Ideas are in them like life in a harmonious body.

The "Portrait of My Daughter" is of a demure child in yellowish white, her head leaning a little on her right shoulder, her large eyes clear and intelligent. The "Portrait of Mlle. E. Daudet" is of a young woman in white silk, seated on a Pompadour chair. Her eyes are dark and captivatingly serious. The model was the daughter of Alphonse Daudet. Edmond de Goncourt gave to her, by his will, the charming legacy of a pearl for every year of her life until her marriage.

The "Portrait of Mlle. A. de Nion" is of a child with dark curls under her white lawn bonnet, holding corn flowers in one hand and a daisy in the other. One has not to know the sitters in these portraits in order to be persuaded of the painter's exactness. He exhibits sixty-three etchings and dry points that have the novel ornament of delicate coloring, red, blue, brown. They are, like his paintings, acute, picturesque, convincing.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

PROMINENT PERSONS IN THE DAY'S NEWS.

THE PRESIDENT—President McKinley has promised to make an address at Mount Vernon, Va., on December 14, when the Masonic observance of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's death will occur.

CHAMBERS—The Chief Justice of Samoa, who is in this country on leave of absence, called at the State Department in Washington yesterday and had a long conference with Secretary Hay respecting Samoan affairs, and particularly the conditions on the island of Tutuila, which is to become the exclusive property of the United States upon the ratification of the recently arranged division of the Samoan group. The Chief Justice made a favorable report upon the island, which has a native population of about 7,000, for whom some form of government must be devised. It will probably be patterned after that at Guam, where the navy maintains a naval governor. The closing chapters of the history of the administration of Samoa under the Berlin treaty are to be set forth in a report which Judge Chambers will submit to the Secretary of State to-day.

HARPER—The president of the University of Chicago has received permission from the Board of Trustees of the University to raise \$3,000 for the purpose of sending an astronomical expedition to the Southern States to observe the total eclipse of the sun on May 28, 1900. Professor Kurt Laves, who is in charge of the department of astronomy at the university, and Dr. Harper say the expedition is practically assured.

TALLON—The Lord Mayor of Dublin and John E. Redmond, M. P., accompanied by Secretary of State McDonald and Assemblyman George T. Kelley, called on Governor Roosevelt at Albany yesterday morning. They dined with the Governor. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Redmond leave to-day for Buffalo, where the Pan-American site and Niagara Falls will be inspected. From Buffalo they go to Detroit. About \$800 was raised in Buffalo for the Parnell Monument Fund.

LUDLOW—The brigadier-general, military governor of Havana, who has been spoken of in connection with the civil governorship of Cuba when such an office shall be established, was at the War Department in Washington yesterday and had a long conference with Secretary Root. The Secretary afterward went with General Ludlow to the White House.

MILES—The senior major-general of the army reviewed the troops of the Presidio in San Francisco yesterday morning and left for the South in the afternoon. He said to a reporter: "I shall

visit Los Angeles and San Diego, inspecting the fortifications there. In all probability I shall stop off at Tucson, Ariz.; Galveston and New Orleans on my way East."

CORRIGAN—The Archbishop of New York officiated yesterday at the Sacred Heart Convent in Albany at the taking of the veil by Miss Thompson, of St. Louis. Father Sheehy assisted. After the ceremony the Archbishop held a reception in the study hall of the convent. He was accompanied to Albany by Father Connelly, his private secretary.

BRYAN—William J. Bryan and his son John, Colonel M. C. Wetmore's hunting party at Springfield, Mo., yesterday, and left for the latter's game preserves in the Ozark Mountains.

EVANS—President Lee Brock, of the Tennessee League of Republican Clubs, has received a letter from Pension Commissioner H. Clay Evans, accepting the invitation to attend the Republican State conference to be held in Nashville on November 25. Walter P. Brownlow, leader of the anti-Evans faction, has made no reply to his invitation. The friends of Evans are anxious to end the factional differences in Tennessee Republicanism, but the Brownlow people say they will continue the fight on the Pension Commissioner.

SNAP-SHOTTING A METEOR. ANY ONE CAN DO IT WHO HAS A CAMERA AND A LITTLE PATIENCE.

A MATEUR photographers need not look with envy toward the great observatories and their elaborate preparations to take snap shots at the meteors that are expected to-morrow and Thursday nights. For photographing a meteor is as simple a process as photographing a house.

Any one with a pocket kodak can do it. Henry C. Maine, of Rochester, is an able photographer and a student of astronomy. He said yesterday:

"Almost any camera can catch a meteor, so the professional astronomers cannot monopolize all of the fun. A camera with a lens of short focus and wide field is to be preferred. The lens should be focused on any bright star and the plate-holder firmly fixed in place. Perhaps the most promising quarter of the heavens this week is that about the Pleiades, in the northeast. The camera, placed in position where electric lights will not shine into the lens, should be elevated to the northeastern heavens at any time of night, unobscured and left for several hours. It is not necessary to watch the sky in the meantime, unless the

operator wishes to get the time of the meteors that cross the field of the lens.

"When the plate is developed numerous lines, the trails of the stars, all in one direction, will be seen, while the trails of meteors will have various directions and lengths. If you have a double plate holder, one plate may be exposed for two or three hours—say from 8 to 10 o'clock—and a second plate from 10 to 12, or 1. The best time will be between 10 and 4, but an operator is almost sure to get several meteors on a plate before 12 o'clock. They shoot all around the sky, though appearing to radiate from the constellation Leo.

"The lens should be open, or with a large stop, so that a great quantity of light may be collected and comparatively faint meteors caught.

"If one has the patience it would be interesting to count the meteors and note the times, especially of those that cross the field of the camera. If no meteor be caught in the camera, the trails of the stars will be interesting. One can get in the length of these trails, in a given time, a measure of the earth's revolution on its axis. As the

earth moves the camera, the star makes a continuous image on the plate, so a line instead of a point appears in the place of the star.

"A camera attached to a telescope with clock-work attachment will follow the stars, and they will appear as points, with the meteors as lines. If you own a telescope, point it to the northeastern heavens, fix it firmly and attach a camera. This will give you a magnified view of the meteors. For this experiment you should select a faint star that you can identify easily and point your telescope at it.

"Those who expose plates and note times may find their negatives useful in determining the height of some of the larger meteors, provided the same meteors be photographed at some point sufficiently distant to give a base line—and provided you know how to make the necessary triangulation.

"Observation with the unassisted eyes is really the most satisfactory, as one can see a great region of the sky at once and note the fall of blazing bodies and observe their trails."